

# THE DOLL MAN

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*Quarterly* No. 6  
SUMMER ISSUE



FOR VICTORY

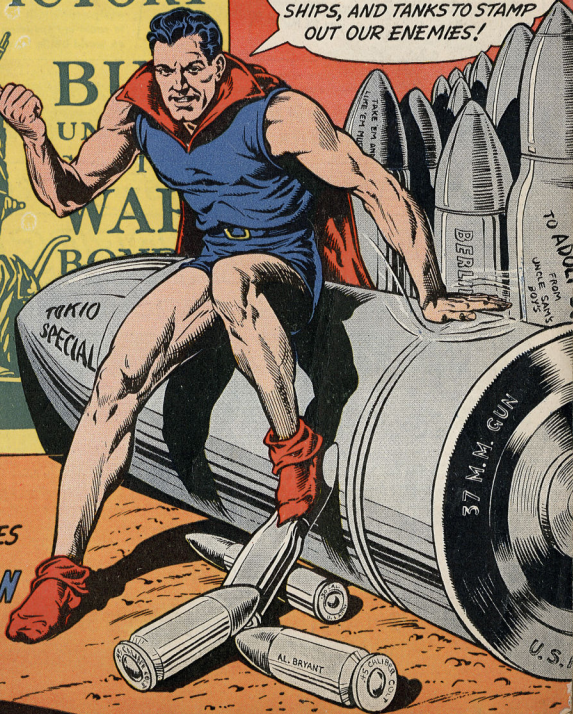


BUY  
UNITED STATES  
WAR  
BONDS

TOKIO  
SPECIAL

FOUR  
EXCITING  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
THE  
DOLLMAN

READERS, WE'RE OUT  
TO WIN! BUY STAMPS AND  
BONDS! UNCLE SAM WILL  
SUPPLY THE SHELLS, GUNS,  
SHIPS, AND TANKS TO STAMP  
OUT OUR ENEMIES!







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## GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

OH THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,  
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!  
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,  
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)

★ ★ ★  
SO UP COMES DEAR OLD GRAND-DAD WITH THIS VERY SMART IDEA—  
"IT'S SURE TO CLICK," HE TELLS US; "AND CAUSE OUR FRIENDS TO CHEER."  
"I REMEMBER," HE RECALLS, "WHEN I WAS JUST A BRIGHT YOUNG SWAIN,  
"WE'D CYCLE THROUGH THE VALLEY AND STREET AND COUNTRY LANE."

★ ★ ★  
"WE'D NEVER RACE ON HILLS OR SLOPES—INSTEAD WE'D GENTLY BRAKE,  
"WE'D KEEP AWAY FROM ROCKS AND STONES, TOO HARD FOR TIRES TO TAKE."  
"SO LET'S ALL PLAN—RESOLVE RIGHT NOW—NO DISTANT, FAR TOMORROW—  
"TO SAVE OUR BIKES AND TIRES WITH THE HELP OF BRAKES BY 'MORROW'."



The "MORROW" Coaster Brake is a vital member of "The Invisible Crew"—the precision equipment which 25 Bendix plants from coast to coast are speeding to our fighting crews on world battle fronts.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION  
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**MORROW**  
COASTER BRAKE



SMASH COMICS...HIT COMICS...CRACK COMICS

# HEY, READERS!!


THERE'S NO RATIONING OF

## ACTION ADVENTURE OR HUMOR

IN THE

# QUALITY COMIC GROUP

## AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINES

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY  UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY

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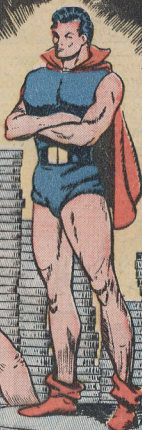


The

# DOLL MAN

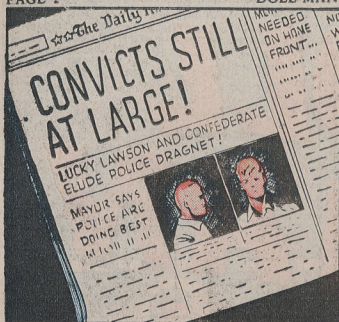


**CRIMINALS ARE THE  
LUCKIEST PEOPLE!...**  
OR SO IT SEEMED WHEN THE  
GOLDEN SLUICE GATES  
POURED IN A FLOOD OF THE  
BIG TOWN'S MONEY ON THE  
BAND OF CRIMINALS LED  
BY THE SELF-STYLED  
"LUCKIEST MAN IN THE  
WORLD"!!!



**B**UT WHEN THE DOLL MAN,  
MIGHTY MITE, HOPS ONTO  
THE WHIRLING WHEEL OF  
FORTUNE TO HAVE A LAST  
FLING AT LADY LUCK ...THE  
UNDERWORLD DISCOVERS  
THAT EVEN MARKED CARDS  
AND LOADED DICE WON'T HELP  
IN A GAME WHERE THE  
DOLL MAN TAKES A  
HAND! ....

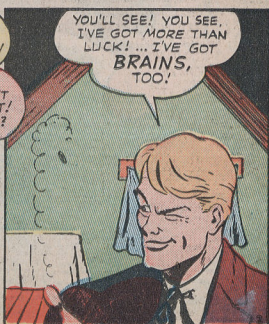
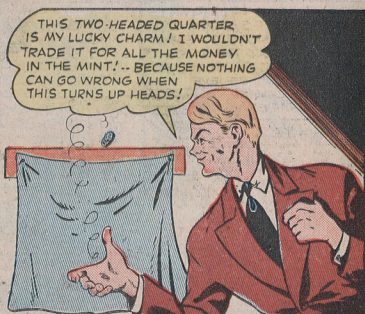
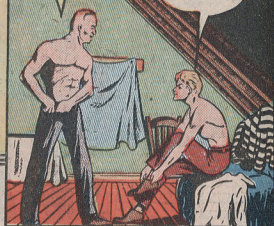




**I**  
 IN  
 A BARE  
 ATTIC  
 ROOM...  
 TWO  
 FUGITIVES  
 CHANGE  
 THEIR  
 CONVICT  
 STRIPES  
 FOR  
 CIVILIAN  
 CLOTHING...

NOBODY EVER  
 BROKE OUT OF  
 GRAYMOOR PRISON  
 BEFORE! WE SURE  
 WERE LUCKY!

THEY DON'T  
 CALL ME  
 "LUCKY"  
 LAWSON  
 FOR  
 NOTHING!





**DARREL DANE,**  
ALIAS  
THE  
**DOLL MAN,**  
PAYS  
AN  
EVENING  
CALL  
AT HIS  
FIANCEE'S  
HOME...

COME IN, DARREL!  
MARTHA WILL BE  
READY ANY  
MINUTE!

SHE'S PRACTICALLY BOUGHT  
A NEW FUR COAT WITH THE  
MONEY SHE EXPECTS  
TO WIN AT "FILM-O"  
TONIGHT!

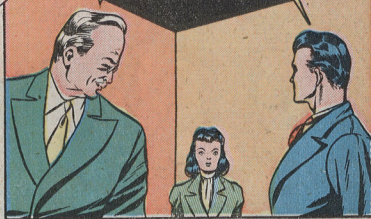
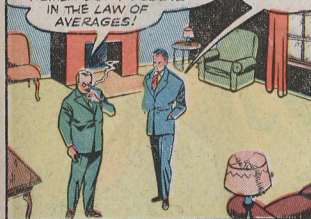
THEY'RE GIVING  
AWAY A GRAND  
PRIZE OF A  
THOUSAND DOLLARS!  
WE'D BETTER GO  
EARLY FOR A  
SEAT!

MARTHA'S GOING TO BE REALLY  
DISAPPOINTED IF SHE DOESN'T  
WIN! SHE PICKED OUT A SABLE  
WRAP, AND TOLD THE SALES  
GIRL TO HOLD IT -- JUST IN CASE!  
WOMEN DON'T BELIEVE  
IN THE LAW OF  
AVERAGES!

THAT'S  
PROBABLY  
BECAUSE THEY  
GET THEIR  
OWN WAY  
SO OFTEN!

WELL, YOU KNOW,  
**LADY LUCK**  
IS A WOMAN,  
TOO!

OH --  
HELLO,  
MARTHA!



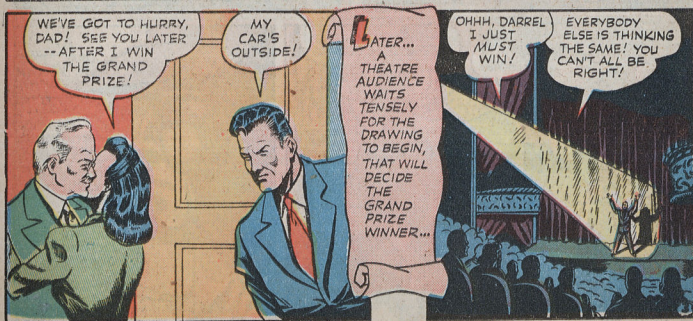
WE'VE GOT TO HURRY,  
DAD! SEE YOU LATER  
-- AFTER I WIN  
THE GRAND  
PRIZE!

MY  
CAR'S  
OUTSIDE!

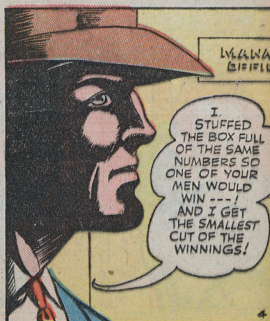
**L**ATER...  
A  
THEATRE  
AUDIENCE  
WAITS  
TENSELY  
FOR THE  
DRAWING  
TO BEGIN,  
THAT WILL  
DECIDE  
THE  
GRAND  
PRIZE  
WINNER...

OH HH, DARREL  
I JUST  
MUST  
WIN!

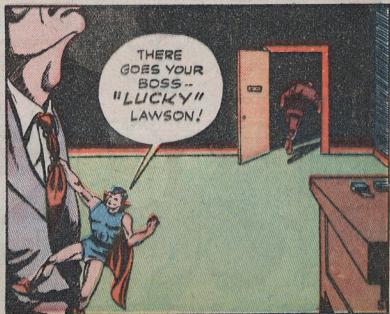
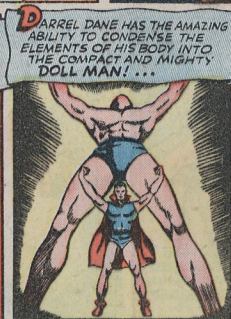
EVERYBODY  
ELSE IS THINKING  
THE SAME! YOU  
CAN'T ALL BE  
RIGHT!



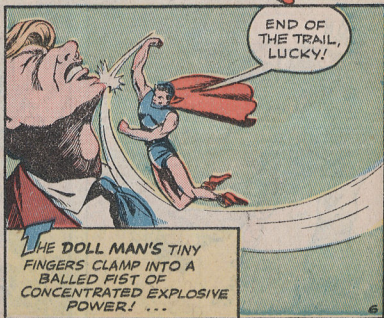
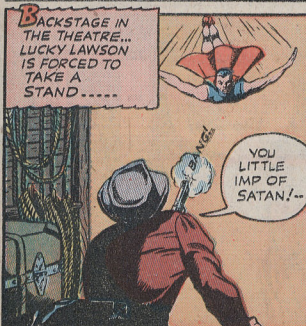
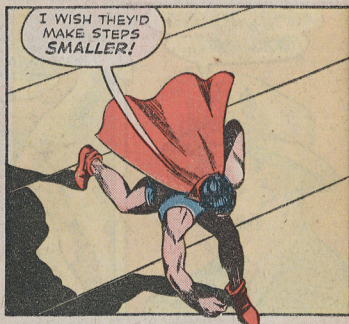
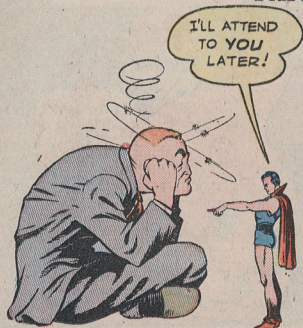






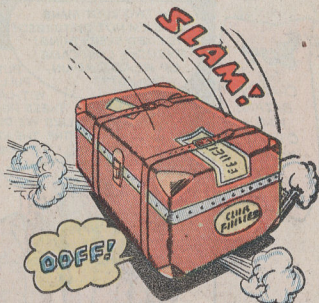
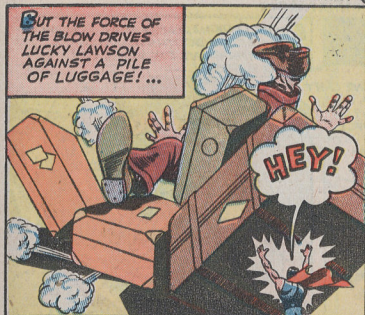








BUT THE FORCE OF THE BLOW DRIVES LUCKY LAWSON AGAINST A PILE OF LUGGAGE!...



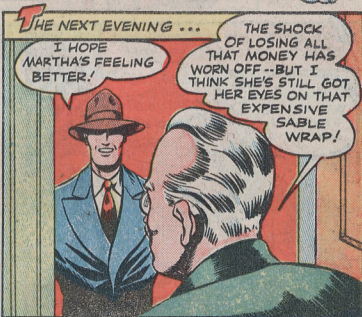
BY THE TIME THE DOLL MAN CRAWLS OUT FROM UNDER THE BAG, LAWSON IS GONE!



THE NEXT EVENING ...

I HOPE MARTHA'S FEELING BETTER!

THE SHOCK OF LOSING ALL THAT MONEY HAS WORN OFF -- BUT I THINK SHE'S STILL GOT HER EYES ON THAT EXPENSIVE SABLE WRAP!



MARTHA ENTERS THE ROOM TO GREET DARREL...

I HAVEN'T GIVEN UP HOPE! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, DARREL!

JUST IN TIME FOR WHAT?



DIDN'T YOU KNOW? YOU'RE TAKING ME TO THE CHARITY BAZAAR! WE'RE GOING TO TRY OUR LUCK AGAIN!

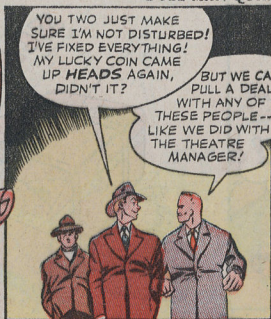




**BUT**  
THE  
CHARITY  
BAZAAR  
HAS  
OTHER  
VISITORS  
**!!**

YOU TWO JUST MAKE  
SURE I'M NOT DISTURBED!  
I'VE FIXED EVERYTHING!  
MY LUCKY COIN CAME  
UP HEADS AGAIN,  
DIDN'T IT?

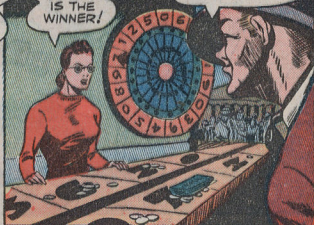
BUT WE CAN'T  
PULL A DEAL  
WITH ANY OF  
THESE PEOPLE--  
LIKE WE DID WITH  
THE THEATRE  
MANAGER!



LUCKY LAWSON PLACES HIS MONEY AT  
ONE OF THE BOOTHS-- AND WAITS  
UNTIL THE GIANT PINWHEEL QUIVERS  
TO A STOP! ---

NUMBER  
SEVEN IS  
THE  
WINNER!

THAT'S ME, SISTER!  
I'LL LET MY  
MONEY RIDE!



HELP ME,  
SOMEBODY! PLEASE!  
THIS MAN'S A  
THIEF!

DON'T BUTT IN,  
FOLKS! THIS IS  
NONE OF YOUR  
BUSINESS!

A GUY'S  
GOTTA RIGHT  
TO PLAY IF  
HE WANTS  
TO!



TIME AFTER TIME THE PINWHEEL  
RETURNS TO NUMBER SEVEN!

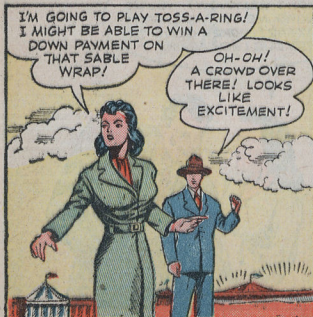
SOMETHING'S  
WRONG! YOU  
CAN'T PLAY  
ANY MORE!

KEEP THE  
WHEEL  
TURNING!



I'M GOING TO PLAY TOSS-A-RING!  
I MIGHT BE ABLE TO WIN A  
DOWN PAYMENT ON  
THAT SABLE  
WRAP!

OH-OH!  
A CROWD OVER  
THERE! LOOKS  
LIKE  
EXCITEMENT!



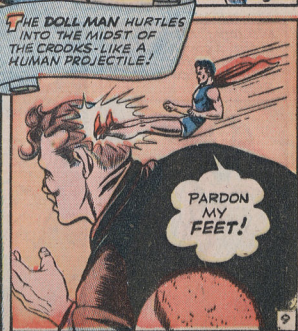
HE'S  
GOT THE  
WHEEL  
FIXED,  
SOMEHOW,  
SO HE  
CAN'T  
LOSE!

LUCKY LAWSON!  
NOW I KNOW  
SOMETHING'S  
WRONG!

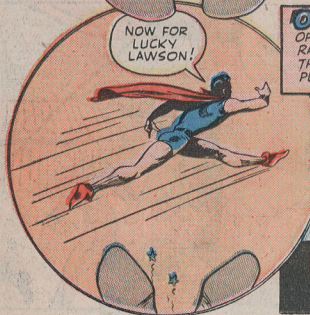
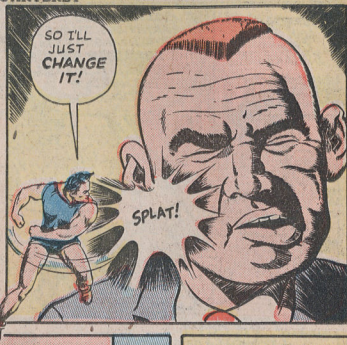
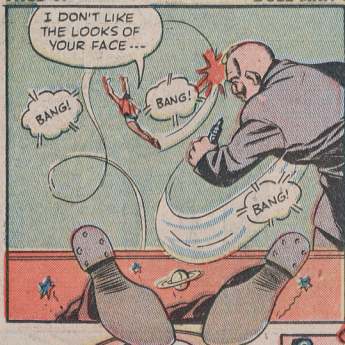


YOU'LL DO  
BETTER IF  
YOU KEEP OUT  
OF THIS,  
FOLKS!









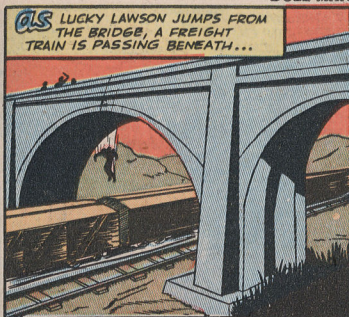
ONTO A SHORT SPAN OF BRIDGE ABOVE THE RAILROAD TRACKS, THE **DOLL MAN** PURSUES HIS QUARRY!



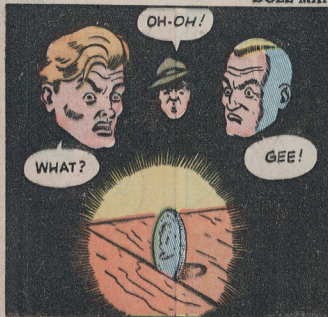
FROM ONE END, POLICE RUSH UP, ATTRACTED BY THE SOUND OF GUN-FIRE ...



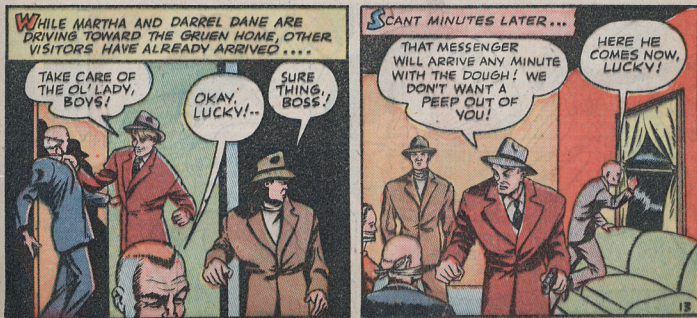
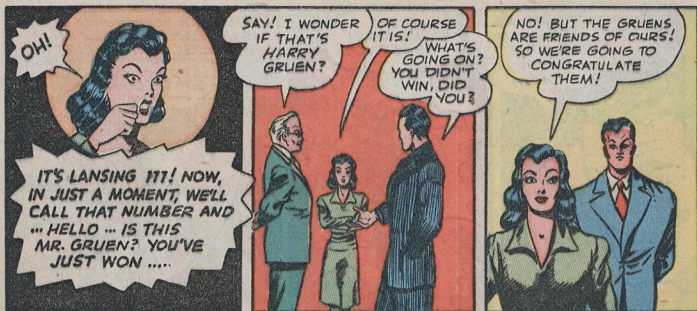








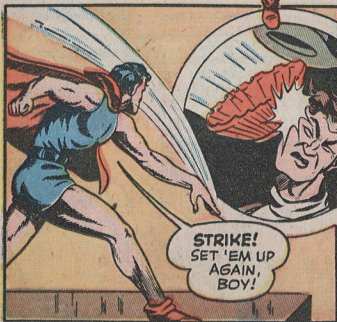








AT THIS MOMENT, DARREL AND MARTHA ENTER THE SCENE...





**DOLL MAN** FOLLOWS THROUGH WITH A WALLOP THAT SENDS LUCKY REELING BACK INTO BRAMBLE BUSHES OUTSIDE THE HOUSE!



OWWWW!  
GET ME OUTTA' HERE! I'M BEING MURDERED!



LOOKS AS IF YOU FELL INTO A BRAMBLE BUSH!



THAT SHOULD PROVE THAT YOUR LUCK HAS FINALLY RUN OUT! WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE, THEY'LL BE GLAD TO HELP PICK OUT THE THORNS! YOU'VE BEEN A THORN IN THEIR SIDE LONG ENOUGH!



LATER ... AT DR ROBERTS' HOME ...

LUCK IS A FUNNY THING! SOME PEOPLE HAVE IT-- AND OTHERS HAVEN'T! TAKE MARTHA, FOR INSTANCE--



HOW DO I LOOK?



MARTHA! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO SEND THAT COAT BACK TO THE STORE!

BUT I DON'T HAVE TO, NOW, DADDY!



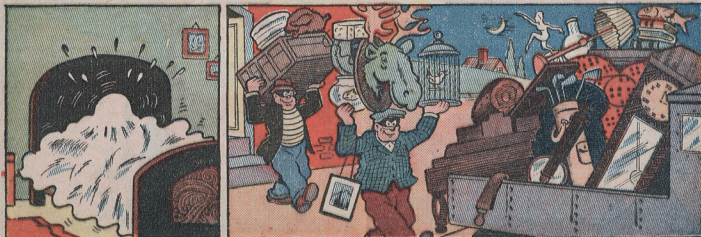
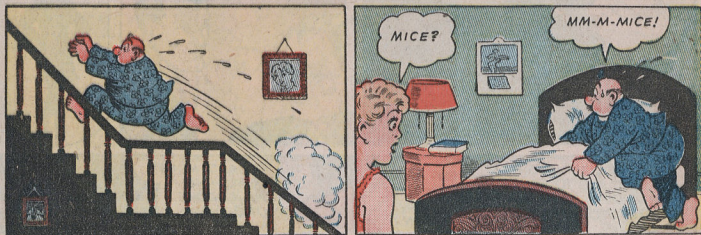
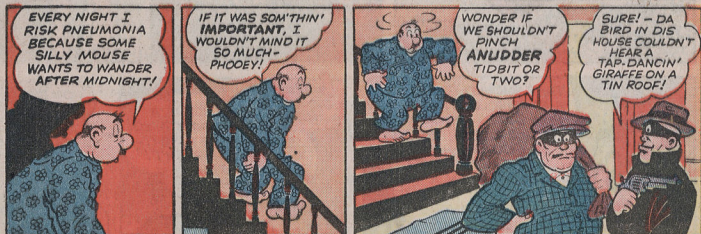
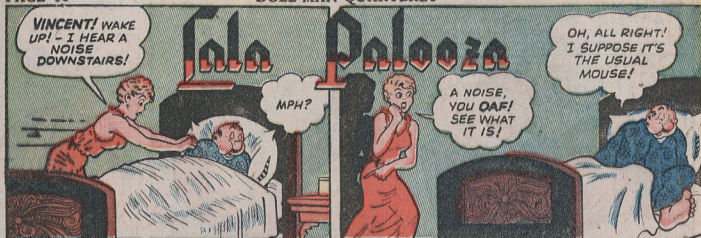
THE REWARD MONEY FOR CATCHING THOSE CROOKS MORE THAN PAID FOR IT!

AS I WAS SAYING--

---LUCK IS A FUNNY THING!









# The DOLL MAN

and

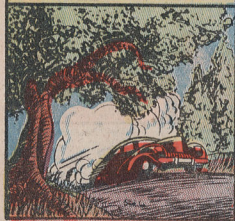
**The Little  
Green Men!**



A MAD SCIENTIST,  
SEEKING TO CREATE A  
WORLD FILLED WITH  
MIDGETS, MUTE AND  
SUBJECT TO HIS BIDDING,  
MEETS HIS EQUAL IN  
THE **DOLL MAN!**...

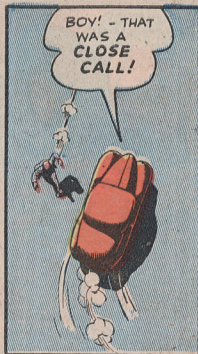


**D**ARREL DANE AND HIS FIANCEE, MARTHA, ARE DRIVING IN THE COUNTRY. SHE DOES NOT KNOW THAT DARREL IS IN REALITY **THE DOLL MAN!**...



GOOD GRIEF! THERE'S A MAN!

STOP! QUICKLY!



BOY! - THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!



HE MUST HAVE FAINTED!

OH! THE POOR MAN!



THE **LITTLE GREEN MEN** ARE HERE! GO AWAY!

WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?

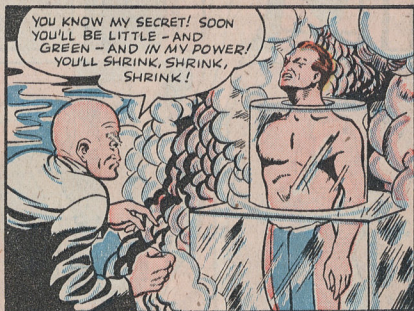
HE'S DELIRIOUS! LET'S GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY!



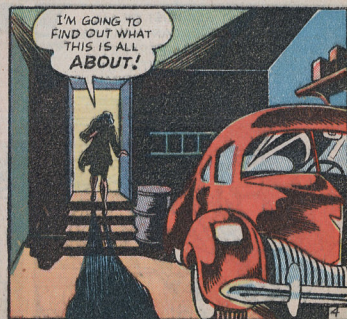
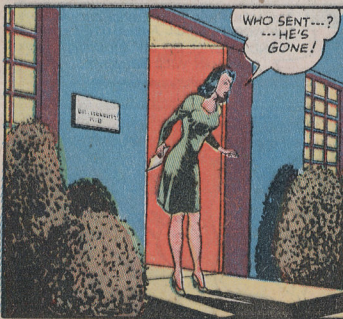
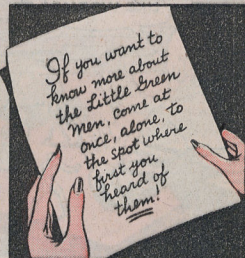
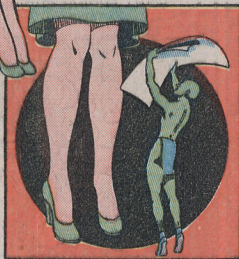
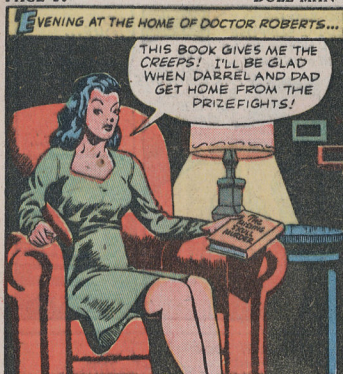
HHMM! INTERLOPER! FOR THEM, A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING! THEY MUST BE DESTROYED!

GREEN MAN!



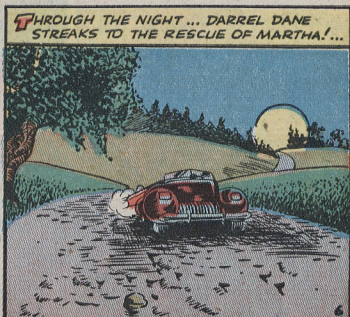
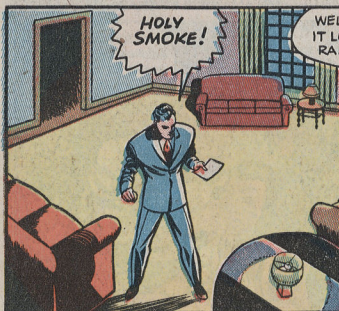


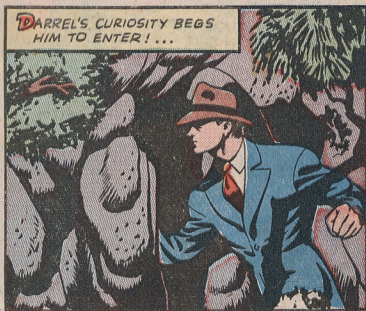






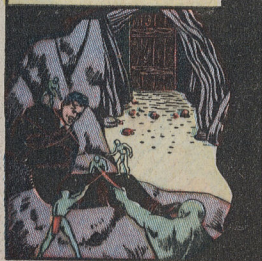








**THE LITTLE GREEN MEN  
QUICKLY BIND DARREL!**



COME ALONG,  
MY LITTLE  
RASCALS!  
WE'LL FINISH  
THE WOMAN  
AND THEN---

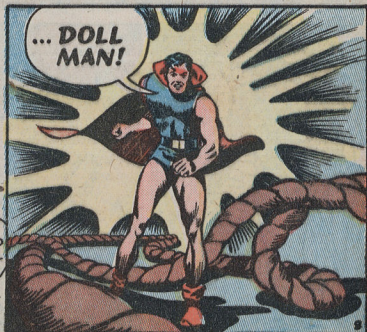


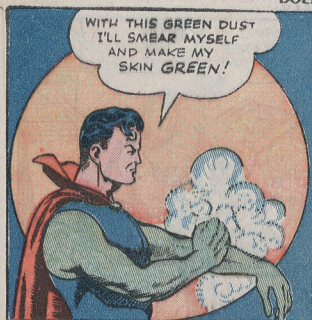
WONDERFUL!  
EXCELLENT!  
THE SECOND THREAT  
TO MY SECRET  
WILL BE  
**DESTROYED!**



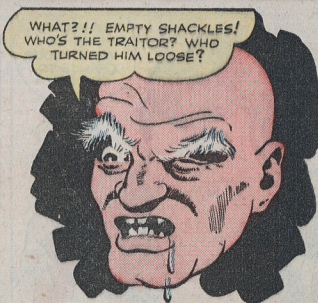
--AND  
THEN YOU'LL  
HAVE TO CONTEND  
WITH THE ----

... **DOLL  
MAN!**

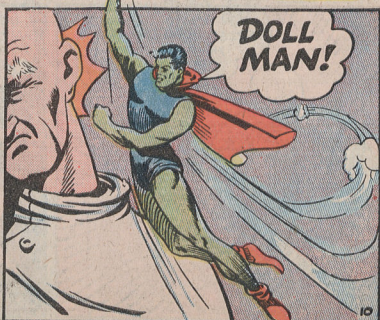
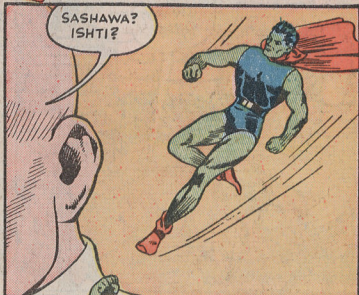
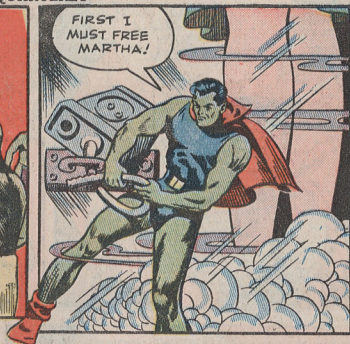


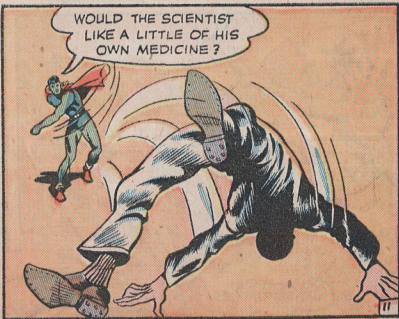
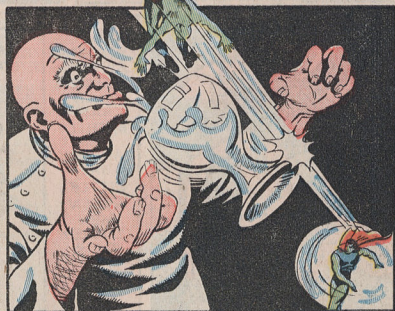
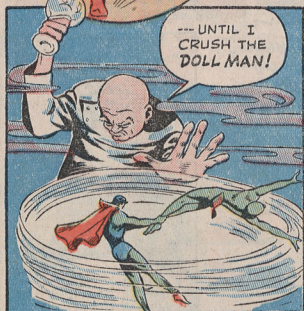


MEANWHILE ... THE DOLL MAN'S ESCAPE IS REVEALED!

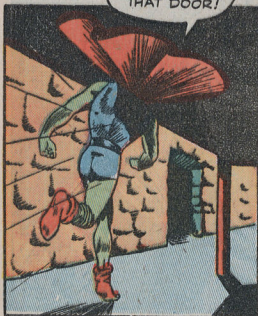
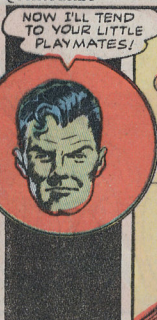
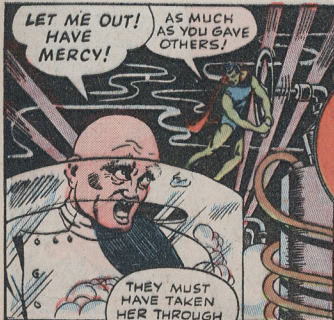










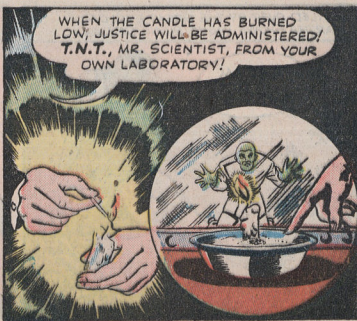
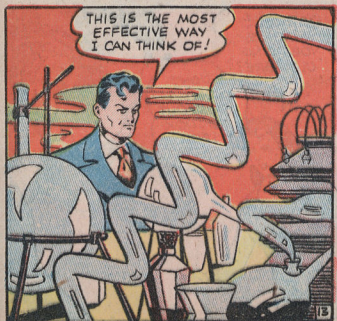
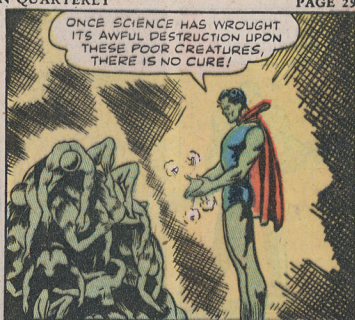


**I**NFURIATED  
BY THE  
DISASTER  
WHICH  
HAS  
BEFALLEN  
THEIR  
MASTER,  
THE  
LITTLE  
GREEN  
MEN  
TAKE OUT  
THEIR  
SPITE  
ON  
MARTHA!

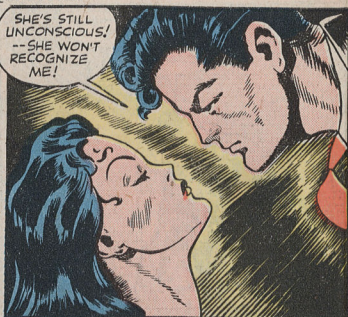


THIS IS THE  
FIRST TIME I'VE  
HAD A CHANCE  
TO FIGHT ANYONE  
MY OWN SIZE!

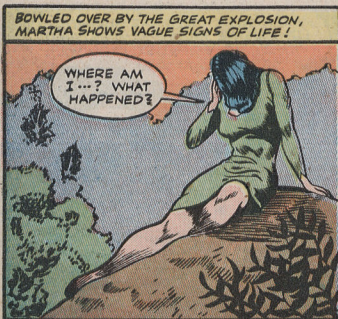








A SECOND LATER, THE CAVERN SHATTERS UNDER A DEVASTATING DETONATION!...



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

OH--A PRESENT  
FOR ME?  
WHAT IS  
IT?

IT'S A PINK  
ELEPHANT FOR YOUR  
FANTASTIC LITTLE GREEN  
MAN TO RIDE ON!

ALL RIGHT, MR. SMARTY, DON'T  
BELIEVE ME, BUT THERE WERE  
LITTLE GREEN MEN! - AND A  
MAD SCIENTIST! -  
AND I WAS  
RESCUED  
BY THE  
DOLL  
MAN!



AND IF YOU WERE EVER  
AROUND TO HELP ME WHEN  
I'M IN TROUBLE, YOU'D  
KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED!

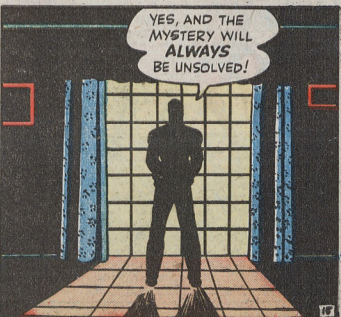
ALL RIGHT!  
ALL RIGHT!  
YOU TAKE  
THE  
MARBLES!



HAVE YOU  
SEEN THE  
PAPER?  
— AN  
AMAZING  
THING!



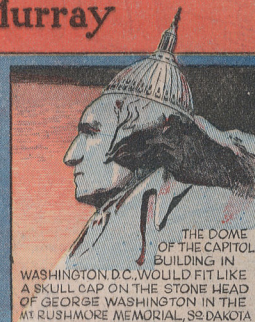
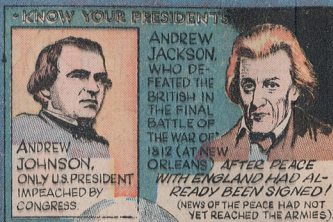
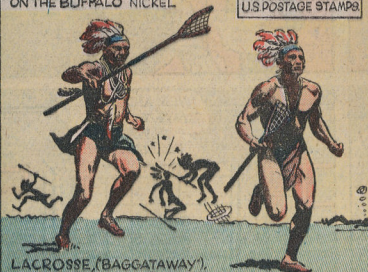
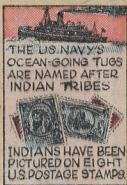
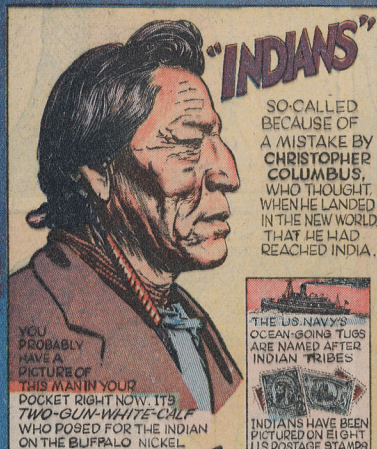
YES, AND THE  
MYSTERY WILL  
ALWAYS  
BE UNSOLVED!





# America - It's Worth Defending!

by Feg Murray



## THE FLYING TIGERS.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER FLYERS, FIGHTING IN BURMA AND CHINA AGAINST THE COMMON ENEMY, DESTROYED 284 JAPANESE PLANES IN 7 MONTHS, WHILE LOSING ONLY 10 PILOTS IN ACTION.



## "OLD ABE"

AN AMERICAN EAGLE ADOPTED AS MASCOT BY THE 8TH WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS, WENT THROUGH 4 YEARS OF THE CIVIL WAR, TOOK PART IN 22 BATTLES AND WAS SLIGHTLY WOUNDED SEVERAL TIMES. (THE OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT ALWAYS SALUTED HIM).

Feg Murray



# The DOLL MAN





**I**T MIGHT NEVER HAVE HAPPENED IF DR. DLEE HAD BEEN PLACED IN AN ASYLUM FIRST--BUT NOBODY KNEW THAT HIS PEARLESS BRAIN WAS UNBALANCED BY TOO MUCH STUDY AND LABOR!

IT'S TRUE, WHAT THIS BOOK SAYS! THE WORLD WILL BE TAKEN FROM MAN, WHO IS TOO WEAK TO HOLD IT!



WHILE MEN WIPE EACH OTHER OUT BY WAR, THE INSECTS GATHER THEIR STRENGTH FOR THE DAY OF CONQUEST... **THAT DAY MAY BE AT HAND!**

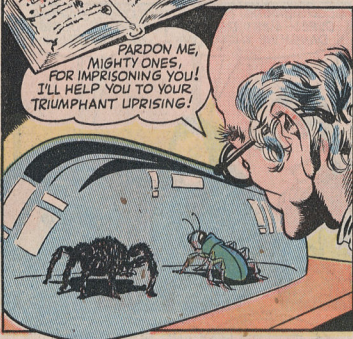


**T**HE FANCY BECOMES FACT IN HIS TWISTED THOUGHTS...

WHAT WILL THE INSECTS DO TO ME? -- I'D BETTER GO OVER TO THEIR SIDE AND HELP THEM! THEN I'LL BE SPARED AND BECOME GREAT WHILE ALL OTHER HUMANS ARE DESTROYED!

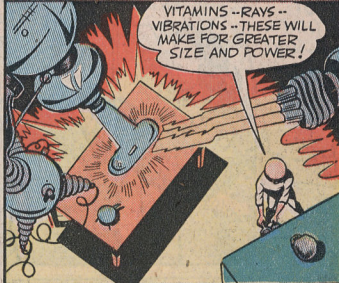


PARDON ME, MIGHTY ONES, FOR IMPRISONING YOU! I'LL HELP YOU TO YOUR TRIUMPHANT UPRISING!

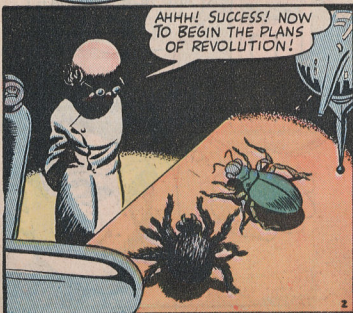


**T**HOUGH CRAZY, DR. DLEE IS NO IDIOT! --- HE UNDERSTANDS MUCH SECRET SCIENCE ...

VITAMINS -- RAYS -- VIBRATIONS -- THESE WILL MAKE FOR GREATER SIZE AND POWER!



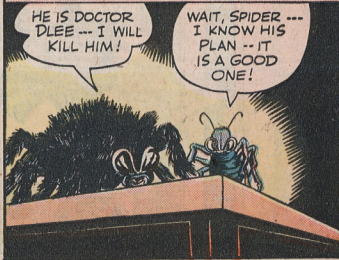
AAAAH! SUCCESS! NOW TO BEGIN THE PLANS OF REVOLUTION!

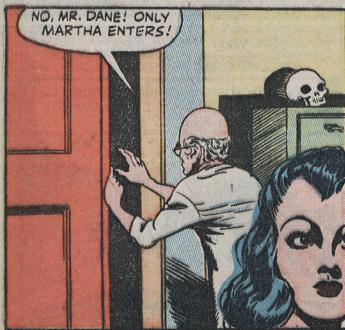
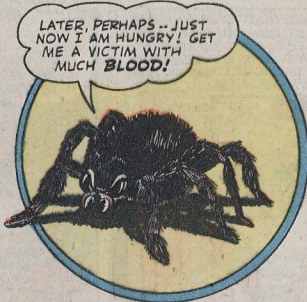
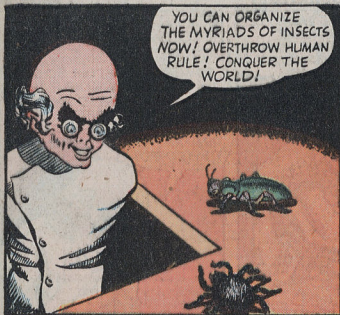


**T**HE TREATMENT THAT INCREASED THE SIZE OF THE INSECT HAS ALSO MADE THEIR INTELLIGENCE GREATER ...

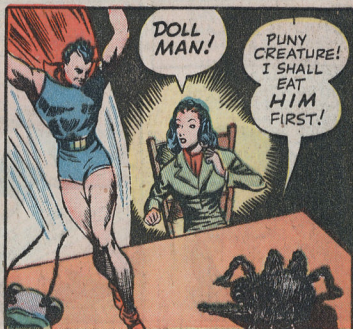
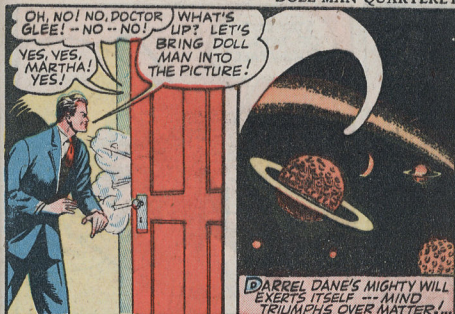
HE IS DOCTOR DLEE --- I WILL KILL HIM!

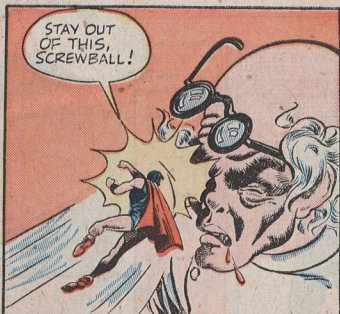
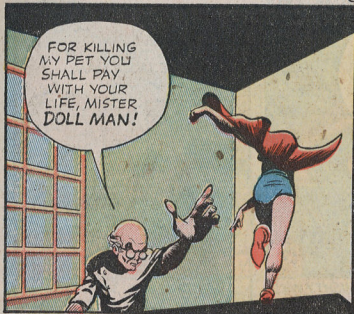
WAIT, SPIDER --- I KNOW HIS PLAN -- IT IS A GOOD ONE!



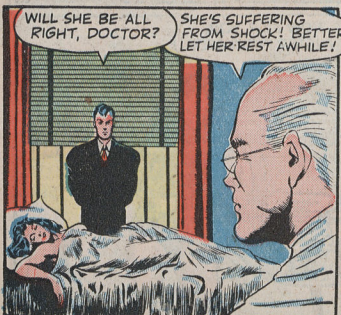
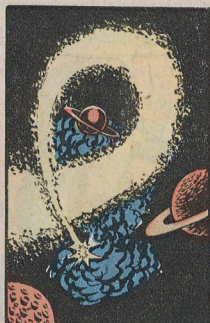








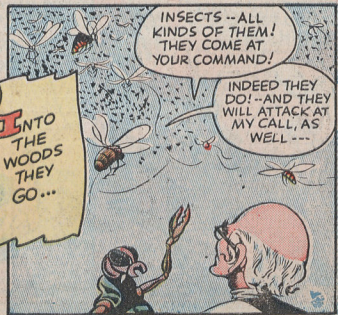
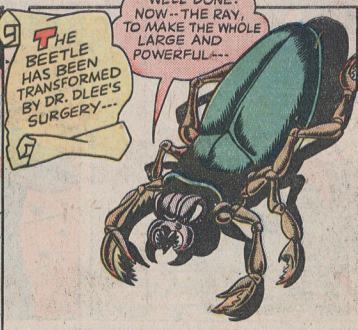
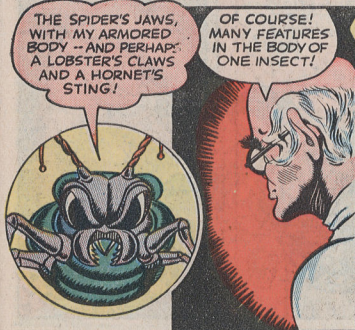
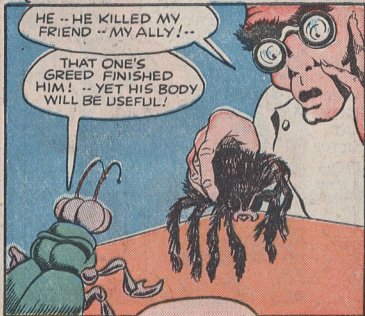
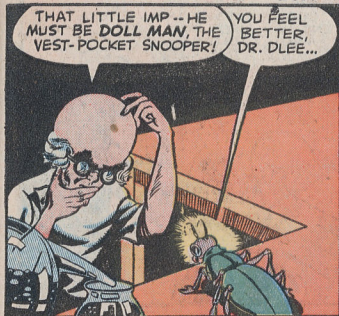
THEN A PAUSE IN THE BATTLE AS DOLL MAN SEES THE PLIGHT OF MARTHA...

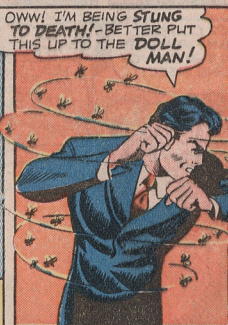
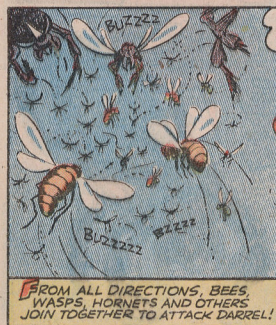


**N**OT UNTIL HE IS SURE OF MARTHA'S SAFETY, DOES DARREL DANE THINK OF THE WEIRD DANGER HE RECENTLY FACED!











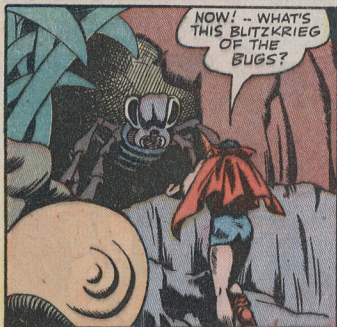


**SURPRISINGLY, EVEN TO HIMSELF, DOLL MAN HAS UNDERGONE AN EXERTION, WILLING HIMSELF SMALLER!**

WHAT  
HAPPENED?  
DID I  
ACTUALLY  
BECOME  
SMALLER  
?



**SUCCESS! I'VE SHRUNK TO ALMOST NOTHING! BUT I STILL HAVE MY STRENGTH AND WITS!**

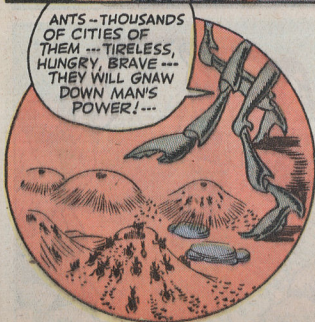


**NOW! -- WHAT'S THIS BLITZKRIEG OF THE BUGS?**

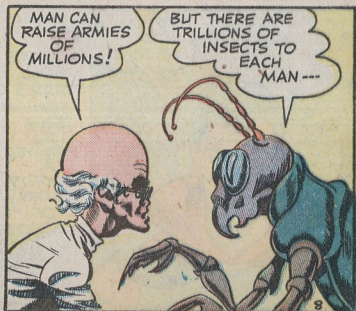


**HE'S GONE! DISAPPEARED!**

**MY SWARM OF ALLIES DESTROYED HIM! -- NOW OBSERVE HERE ---**



**ANTS -- THOUSANDS OF CITIES OF THEM --- TIRELESS, HUNGRY, BRAVE --- THEY WILL GNAW DOWN MAN'S POWER! ---**



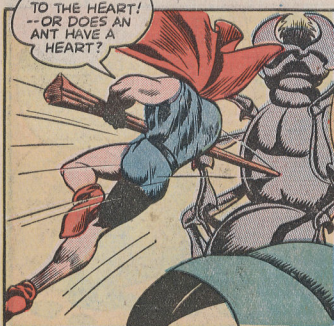
**MAN CAN RAISE ARMIES OF MILLIONS!**

**BUT THERE ARE TRILLIONS OF INSECTS TO EACH MAN ---**



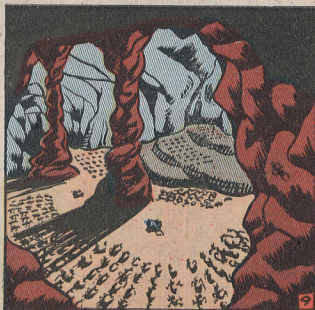
**A**NNOYED BY THE DOLL MAN'S IMPUDENCE, THE ANT CHARGES FOR THE KILL!

...



**B**EFORE DOLL MAN'S ASTONISHED EYES IS ARRAYED A MIGHTY ARMY OF INSECTS!

!





THEY'RE DRAWN UP LIKE TROOPS! I'N SQUADS AND COMPANIES ...WITH LEADERS! WHY? WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO??

I BEGIN TO SEE WHAT DOCTOR DLEE IS UP TO! BUT I MUST MAKE SURE!

HE'S JUST BEYOND HERE-- IF I CLIMB THIS GRASS STEM AND LISTEN---

I GIVE IT POWER TO LEAD ALL THE HOSTS OF CONQUEST! THEY WILL FOLLOW WHERE IT FLIES!

YOU THINK THAT THE WHOLE INSECT RACE CAN BE LAUNCHED AGAINST HUMANITY?

I KNOW IT CAN -- SEE THIS WASP-- I CAN HYPNOTIZE IT!

AFTER AN INTENT GAZE UPON THE WASP, THE BEETLE RELEASES IT...

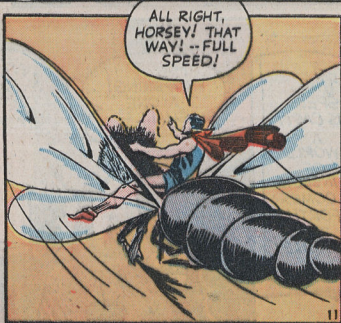
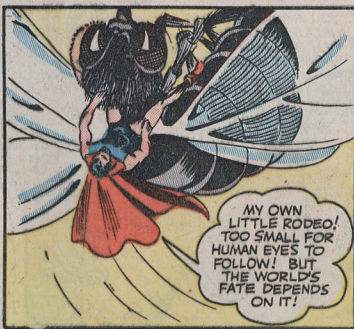
LEAD THEM, MY DEPUTY--- FLY TOWARD MAN'S FORTRESS AND YOUR FOLLOWERS WILL OVERWHELM HIM ---

THE SPELL IS CAST! A WORLD OF INSECTS COMES FORTH TO BATTLE!

IT'S HAPPENING! I ALONE SHALL ESCAPE!

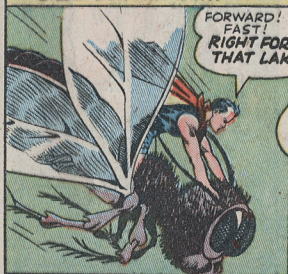


**DOLL  
MAN**  
SOON  
OVERTAKES  
THE  
WASP  
AND  
LANDS  
ON HIM  
IN  
BRONCHO-  
BUSTER  
STYLE!





**DOLL MAN GUIDES HIS WINGED  
STEED DOWNWARD....**



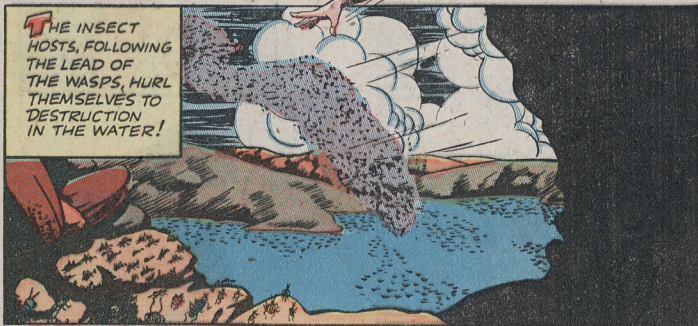
**FORWARD!  
FAST!  
RIGHT FOR  
THAT LAKE!**

**I'M  
GETTING OFF  
NOW -- BUT  
YOU' KEEP  
GOING  
ON...**



**...AND  
TAKE YOUR  
FRIENDS  
WITH  
YOU!**

**THE INSECT  
HOSTS, FOLLOWING  
THE LEAD OF  
THE WASPS, HURL  
THEMSELVES TO  
DESTRUCTION  
IN THE WATER!**



**FROM A NEARBY PINNACLE,  
TWO FIGURES WATCH...**

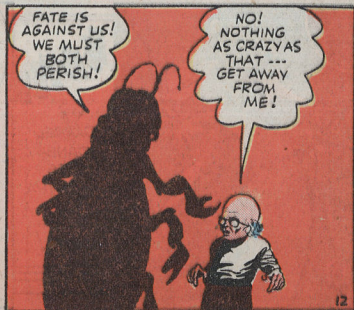


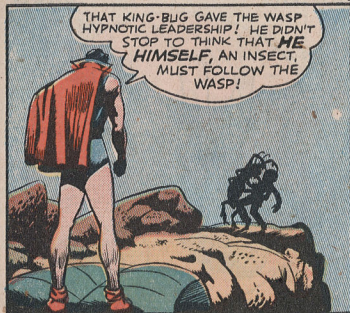
**LOST! DESTROYED!  
HOW CAN  
IT HAVE  
HAPPENED?**

**I CANNOT  
TELL --- BUT  
THIS MUCH  
I KNOW---**

**FATE IS  
AGAINST US!  
WE MUST  
BOTH  
PERISH!**

**NO!  
NOTHING  
AS CRAZY AS  
THAT ---  
GET AWAY  
FROM  
ME!**





AND  
SO...  
EVIL  
TO  
HIM  
WHO  
EVIL  
THINKS  
...



I'M  
GLAD TO  
REST NOW--  
TO BECOME  
DARREL DANE  
AND RETURN  
TO MARTHA!



LATER

...  
DARREL  
DANE  
VISITS  
MARTHA  
AT  
HER  
HOME!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND,  
DARREL! I HAD A  
TERRIBLE DREAM ABOUT  
BUGS -- BUT IT  
DIDN'T COME  
TRUE!

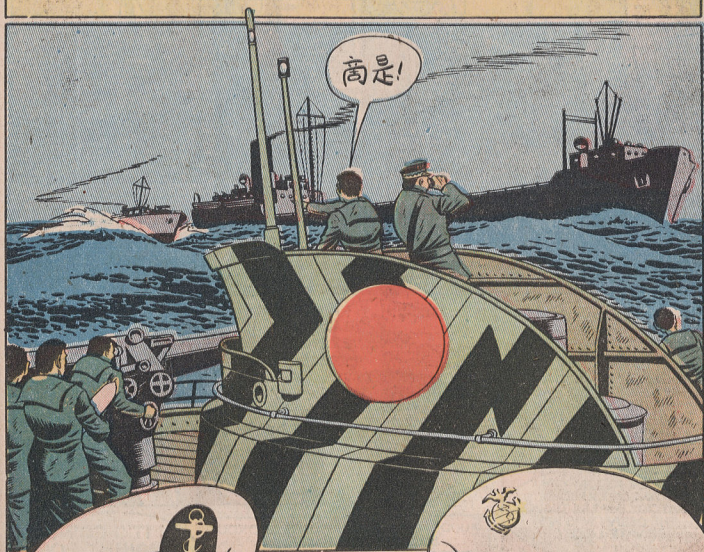
NO,  
MARTHA--  
IT DIDN'T  
COME  
TRUE!







# DRAGON



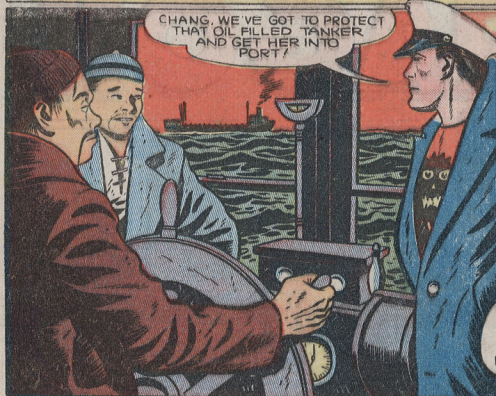
H. MORTIMER  
VAN DINE

RED MCGRAW... A TWO  
FISTED AMERICAN, LEADS  
A PACK OF CHINESE  
GUERRILLAS IN BLOODY  
BATTLES AGAINST  
THE JAPANESE. HIS  
CHINESE PALS NICKNAMED  
HIM, **THE DRAGON**, AFTER THE  
EMBLEM OF THEIR COUNTRY...  
LEAVING THE HILLS OF CENTRAL  
CHINA, THE DRAGON CARRIES  
HIS UNENDING FIGHT INTO  
THE TURBULENT WATERS OF  
THE YELLOW SEA AND MEETS  
UP WITH A WEALTHY PLAYBOY  
FOR WHOM HE HAS NO USE - BUT  
HIS DERISION TURNS TO ADMIRA-  
TION WHEN THEY GO INTO BATTLE  
WITH A JAP SUBMARINE ...



THE  
DRAGON

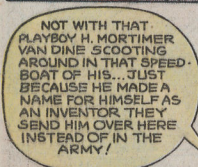
WITH LEND-LEASE AID COMING INTO CHINA THE DRAGON FINDS HIMSELF EQUIPPED WITH A COASTAL PATROL BOAT.



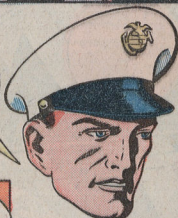
CHANG, WE'VE GOT TO PROTECT THAT OIL FILLED TANKER AND GET HER INTO PORT!



THERE ARE MANY JAP SUBS, MASTER, AND WE HAVE SUNK TWO OF THEM WITH OUR DEPTH CHARGES / MAYBE WE GET MORE!



NOT WITH THAT PLAYBOY H. MORTIMER VAN DINE SCOOTING AROUND IN THAT SPEED-BOAT OF HIS... JUST BECAUSE HE MADE A NAME FOR HIMSELF AS AN INVENTOR THEY SEND HIM OVER HERE INSTEAD OF IN THE ARMY!



YOU KNOW VAN DINE, MASTER?

SURE / WHEN I WAS WORKING MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE HE WAS THERE WITH HIS POCKETS FULL OF MONEY... SPENT IT ON LABORATORIES AND CRACKPOT INVENTIONS!

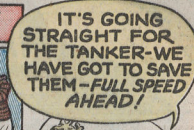


LOOK AT HIM / FLITTING AROUND IN THAT TOY BOAT AS THOUGH THE OCEAN WAS HIS PRIVATE LAKE!

SUDDENLY THE DRAGON'S LOOKOUT SHOUTS A WARNING!



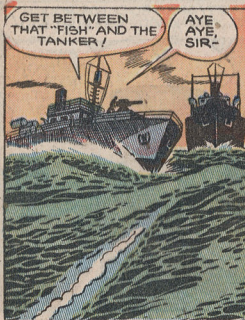
TORPEDO TO STARBOARD!



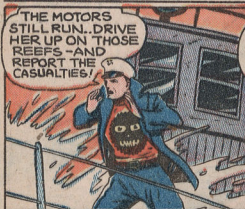
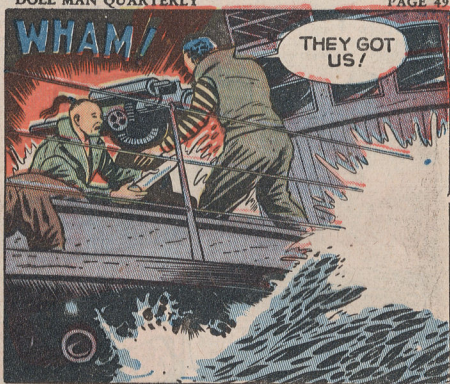
IT'S GOING STRAIGHT FOR THE TANKER-WE HAVE GOT TO SAVE THEM - FULL SPEED AHEAD!







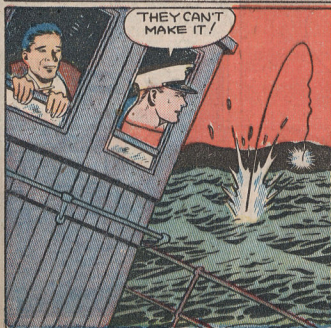
THANKS TO THE PATROL BOAT'S SACRIFICE THE TANKER IS NOW NEARLY OUT OF DANGER.



PHEW! WE MADE THE REEF - MAYBE OUR FRIENDS CAN SHOOT THE RESCUE LINE FROM SHORE.

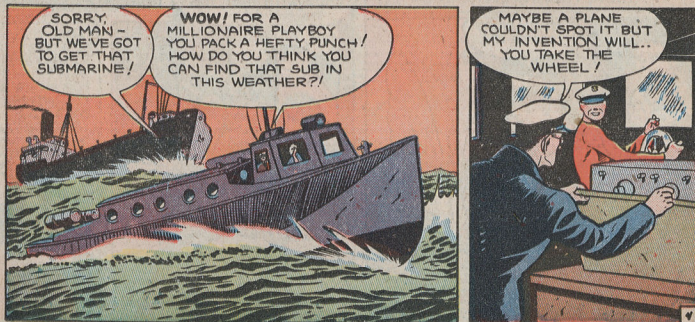
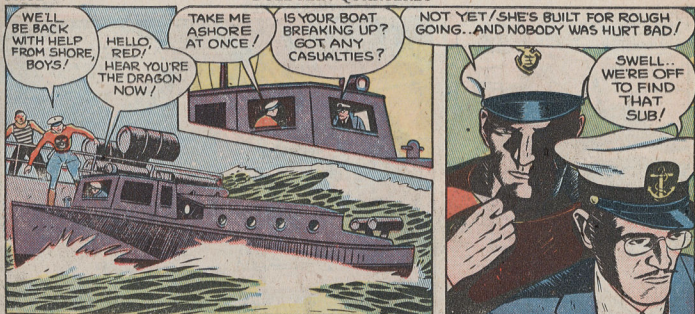


BUT THE HEAVY WIND BLOWING INSHORE SHORTENS THE CANNON'S RANGE AND THE ROPE FALLS SHORT!

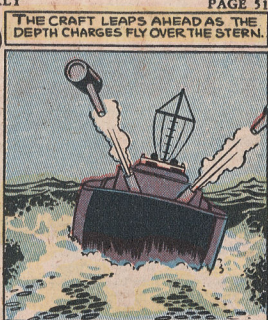


RADIO VAN DINE TO COME TO OUR LEE SIDE WITH THAT TUB OF HIS!

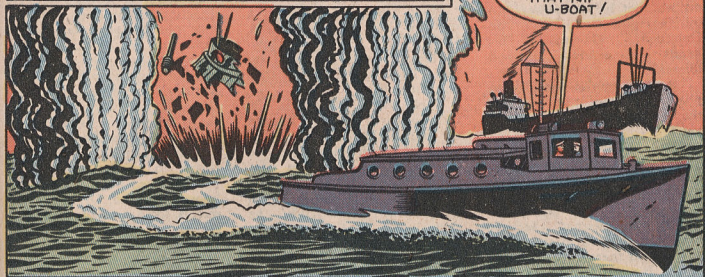








SECONDS LATER TWIN GEYSERS SPOUT UP AND BITS OF PERISCOPE AND HUNKS OF STEEL PLATES SAIL SKYWARD!



A RICH MAN'S TOY! FORGET IT! WE'LL GO AND RESCUE YOUR CREW. IT'S CALM ENOUGH NOW TO PUT THEM ON MY BOAT!

JUMP ABOARD, FELLOWS! WE'RE GOING BACK TO SHORE AND GET A NEW SHIP!

HURRAY! TWO AMERICAN MEN GOOD FRIENDS TO - GETHER THEY SAVE TANKER AND HELP CHINA!



# PROJECTILE of DEATH

THE gigantic gleaming rocket lay on its pair of rails looking like some unearthly monster from another planet. Within that steel projectile a horrible mechanism stood ready to begin its ghastly work of destruction and death. Nothing like it had ever been wrought by the hand of man—nothing so demoniacal in its purpose!

Hugo von Gotschawk stood on the ground in the lonely mountain area of Nevada and gloated at his handiwork.

"Ah, Karl," he marveled, "is it not wonderful? We will win this war not by manpower, but by the genius of Hugo von Gotschawk!" He rubbed his hands and mentally preened himself.

"It is a marvel, Hugo," replied Karl, "and it will wipe out the United States in an hour, yes."

"Heil, Hitler!" shouted Hugo to the silence of the mountains, and he saluted the Nazi swastika painted on the side of the steel car.

The two German chemists had been working in secret for over a year there in the fastness of the Nevada wilderness. Nobody knew they were there. Even the Fatherland did not know the exact spot where they carried out their terrible dream. They had been commissioned to build an infernal machine and release it over America. Thus far they had succeeded in their intent.

Now the machine was finished. Correct in every detail, it only lacked testing. And there was the terrible part of the whole thing: its first test would be its last, because, once launched with the mighty explosive rockets with which it was provided, there was no turning back. If it failed of its purpose, then Hugo von Gotschawk and Karl Himmler would die some-

where out in frigid space—and the people of America would live on, perhaps commenting on the flight of the comet they had seen on a certain night.

So this quiet sunny afternoon, after the last touch had been added to the weird mechanism, the two German scientists sat at a table in the small shack where they made their living quarters and looked at each other with strained expressions. A bottle of champagne stood on the table between them, and each had written a note.

Hugo stood up and with a military bearing said, "Heil, Hitler!" Karl Himmler followed him, snapping the Nazi salute. They shook hands then and sat down.

"Well, Karl, tonight is the last on earth for us. Tonight we launch the Swastika on its flight of death—death for the low Americans. Are you happy?"

Karl forced a smile. "I am happy, Herr Gotschawk," he said slowly. "Yet, it would be nice to go on living. I think of Gretchen—"

"Bah!" Hugo made a violent gesture with his hand. "A girl! When the very lifeblood of the Fatherland is at stake! Are you turning—yellow?"

Karl leaped up, hand going toward the automatic at his side. Then he slumped back in his chair.

"Forgive me, Hugo. For the moment my emotions got the best of me."

Hugo reached across the table and patted Karl's shoulder. "I understand. You are much younger than I. Now let us drink to our journey to nowhere." He uncorked the champagne with a loud pop, and filled two glasses. They lifted the toast to their lips, voicing again the Nazi salute. . . .

In a small, but crowded laboratory near Los Angeles, two men sat at a sensitive radio detector with mingled expressions. The needle on the dial quivered with intensity. Dr. Roberts turned a dial. The needle stopped. He turned the dial back to zero and started all over again. And at the same spot on the white surface, the needle began its strange dance.

"Strange, Darrel," said he. "Unless my device is a failure, there is a great disturbance somewhere about 400 miles from here, in a northwesterly direction. I have been watching this phenomenon for several weeks now and I'm still baffled."

Dr. Roberts was one of the greatest scientists of the modern world. His companion, Darrel Dane, is well known to thousands of readers as a mighty avenger of crime. Possessing the peculiar physical ability to shrink to minute size, Darrel (whose dwarfing ability is known only to Dr. Roberts), makes some amazing discoveries in the world of criminals. He spoke now:

"Would you say, Dr. Roberts, that this disturbance is natural or caused by man?"

Dr. Roberts scratched his jaw reflectively. "Again assuming my machine is accurate," he said, "I'd say whatever causes this agitation is man-made. Steel, I believe. Gold, silver and all the other ores react much differently. The strange thing is, there is no steel in that area for hundreds of miles—not enough to make the needle jump like that."

Martha, Dr. Roberts' beautiful daughter, came into the lab. "Hi, Dad! Hi, Darling!" she called. "I've just guessed it: your old needle spins because there's a meteor buried up there in the Nevada hills somewhere. Now, am I the as-



## DOLL MAN QUARTERLY

tute one?"

Dr. Roberts shook his head. "No, my pretty one. You miss this time. There are no meteors in that vicinity."

Darrell Dane got up. "Think I'll take a hop up that way this afternoon and see what I can see."

"Let me go along!" exclaimed Martha. "Please, Darrell!"

Darrell shook his head. "Not this time, little one. Be back later tonight. S'long!"

Darrell's two-seater sped through the calm afternoon, high over the changing terrain below. It would take him less than two hours to fly four hundred miles in the powerful little plane. And he would take no chances on warning anybody of his presence in the sky—just in case the disturbance observed by Dr. Roberts' device was the work of dangerous characters. So he took the ship into the stratosphere, and when within fifty miles of his objective (approximately) he turned on the special infra-red telephoto camera attached to the bottom of the plane. This was his own invention. It was a movie camera that shot pictures of a vast area while flying too far in the stratosphere for eyes to see the earth. The camera recorded everything on the terrain in vivid detail, taking a swath several miles wide.

Darrell flew back and forth at intervals of several miles to each swath, thus getting a complete photographic record of the world below him. Then he came down in a field, ran the films through their developing bath, and held up the prints.

"H'mmm!" he said, when he had run several hundred feet of negative through his hands, seeing nothing except barren wasteland and mountains. Then:

"Aha! There it is—and steel it is, too!"

Clearly visible on the print was the projectile of death, lying on its gleaming rails in a pocket of the mountains.

"According to the other data," said Darrell to himself,

"I'm not more than three miles from their hangout. Now I wonder what's the idea. A rocket ship, to be sure! But how did they keep it a secret? who are they?"

Darrell meant to find out. It was still only about four in the afternoon. Taking binoculars and pistol from the cockpit, Darrell set out over the rough mountains. A compass he carried would not indicate the north, as it should. Instead, its tiny needle pointed in the direction of the metal rocket ship.

"Must be highly magnetized," said Darrell to himself. "Now what the dickens is the idea—"

Darrell at last came to a ledge overlooking the depression where the projectile lay, far below him. There was no one in sight. Keeping behind bushes as much as possible, he descended the steel walls of mountain and an hour later stood not a hundred yards from the giant machine.

As he looked it over, two men came out of a small shack, and went toward the round door in the side of the rocket ship. The door hung open.

With an effort of will, Darrell instantly became the Doll Man, and bounded after the two Germans, whose backs were toward him. The Doll Man had no trouble sneaking in the door between the huge feet of the men, and quickly hiding himself behind a bulkhead.

One of the men took his place at the controls of the big ship, which suddenly purred into life. He looked back at his companion with a smile. "Remember, Karl," he said, "our flight through space will take only a few seconds and will cause terrific rainstorms all over the United States. So soon as we start then, turn on the lethal gases. Ready?"

"Ready!" said Karl, who stood before an array of tubes and other weird gadgets. "Heil, Hitler!" he barked. "America will go to sleep tonight and never wake up!"

A sudden terrible up-pull

hurled the Doll Man against the bulkhead so hard that he nearly lost consciousness. He quickly came to his feet. The projectile was in mad flight!

The Doll Man leaped at Karl and with a blow of his tiny but pile-driver fist, floored the man. Then using a steel rod that lay on the table he smashed the panel—meters, dials, glass tubes. A thick greenish gas immediately spurted from the broken glass tubes. Poison gas! The thing the Nazis intended to release into the rain and kill everybody! The noise of the roaring rocket tubes kept Hugo from hearing the commotion; he didn't turn his head.

The Doll Man had noted the Mechanism of the door in the side car. He pulled the lever, opening it, and, slamming it as he leaped, sailed out into space.

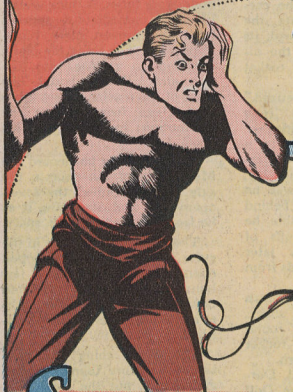
The parachute he wore in the guise of Doll Man snapped open after he had fallen a few hundred feet, and he floated down on the still air. The rocket had roared over him and vanished.

The whole thing had consumed no more than a second and a half, but the Doll Man could see below him the great green fields of the Middle-West. And now it began to rain, bucketsful, and lightning flashed. The storm lashed the tiny parachute. But at last the Doll Man landed in a corn field. Quickly changing into Darrell Dane, he fought his way out of the tall green jungle of corn, with the storm beating him.

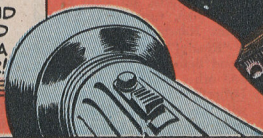
Well, it was a rainstorm the likes of which America had never witnessed, and sure enough the papers that night carried the news of the meteor that had flashed across the skies. And scientists said the rain was caused by the passage of the meteor, a rarity.

But only Darrell Dane and Dr. Roberts knew that had it not been for the genius of the Doll Man, that rain would have been death to every living thing in America.

# The DOLL MAN

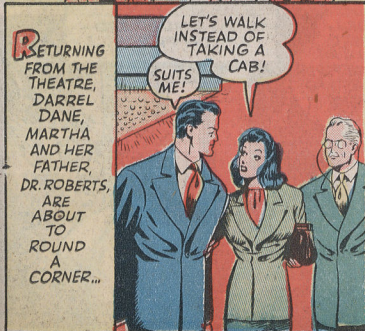
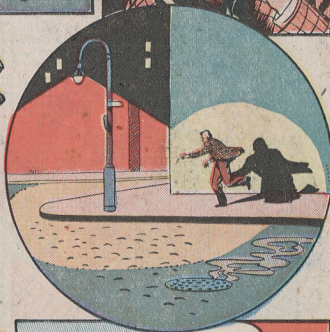


**S**OMETIMES A LITTLE THING -- A FRAGMENT OF A DREAM OR OF REALITY -- CAN HAUNT A MAN UNTIL HE IS DRIVEN TO THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR! AND ONCE ON THIS BORDER-LINE OF INSANITY, A MAN IS NEVER SURE WHETHER THAT WHICH TORTURES HIM IS REAL OR IMAGINARY... DOLL MAN OFFERS HIS HELP TO ONE SUCH PATHETIC CREATURE AND FINDS HIMSELF SUCKED DOWN WITH HIM INTO A WHIRLPOOL OF TERROR!





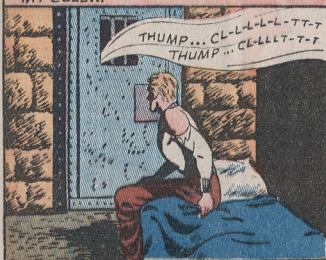
NIGHT IN A GREAT CITY...



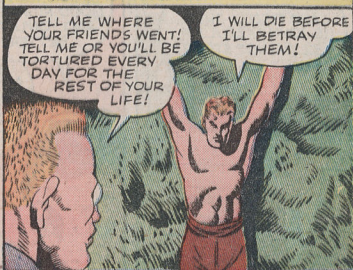




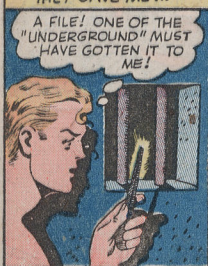
"EACH DAY I WOULD HEAR THAT HORRIBLE CLUBFOOT DRAG TOWARD MY CELL..."



"AND EACH DAY I KNEW IT MEANT MORE TORTURE..."



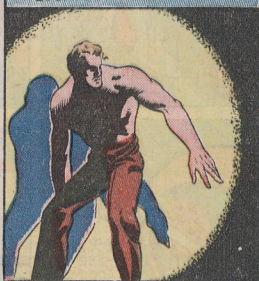
"ONE DAY, AS I BROKE THE CRUST OF BREAD THEY GAVE ME..."



"EVERY NIGHT I WORKED AT THE BARS TO THE SMALL WINDOW!"



"... AND THEN ONE NIGHT, I ESCAPED ...."



SOMEHOW I DIDN'T FIND IT DIFFICULT TO SECURE PASSAGE ON A SHIP AND I CAME TO THIS COUNTRY... I GOT A LITTLE ROOM... BUT THE FIRST TIME I WENT OUT I HEARD WOBBLE-FOOT FOLLOWING ME!... AND EVERY TIME AFTER THAT IT WAS THE SAME!...

DIDN'T YOU HAVE ANY FRIENDS YOU COULD TURN TO ?



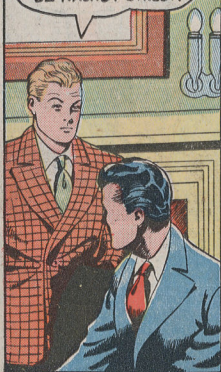
I WENT TO SEVERAL OF THE FRIENDS WHO HAD ESCAPED WHEN I WAS ARRESTED, BUT AFTER I TOLD THEM THAT I WAS TORTURED BY THE SOUND OF THE WOBBLE-FOOT, THOUGH I HAD NEVER SEEN THE MAN SINCE I CAME HERE, THEY LOOKED AT ME SO QUEERLY THAT I DIDN'T WANT TO EMBARRASS MYSELF AGAIN!

HMMM-M! WHO ARE THESE FRIENDS OF YOURS ?



**A**S THE YOUNG REFUGEE TALKS, DARREL MEMORIZES THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES!

...AND FINALLY THERE IS JOHN DIZDUL OF 32 WALNUT STREET!



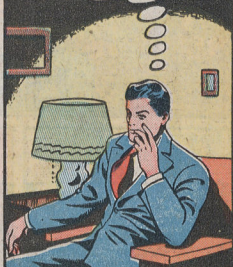
WELL, NOW WE HAVE A NICE ROOM ALL FIXED UP FOR YOU! GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP AND YOU'LL FEEL BETTER!

THANKS! YOU'RE THE KINDEST PEOPLE I'VE EVER MET!



**A**FTER THE OTHERS HAVE GONE TO BED, DARREL SITS IN HIS ROOM, THINKING, THINKING ---

CARL'S PROBLEM WOULD BE A TOUGH ONE FOR ANYBODY TO HANDLE --- THAT IS, FOR ANYBODY BUT DOLL MAN! AND THAT'S WHO'S GOING TO START ON IT RIGHT NOW!

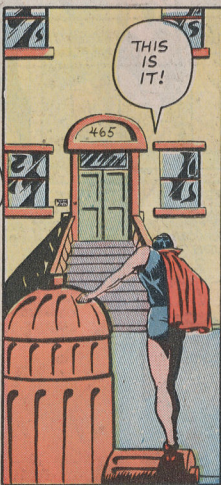


**T**HE DOLL MAN EMERGES FROM THE ROBERTS RESIDENCE!

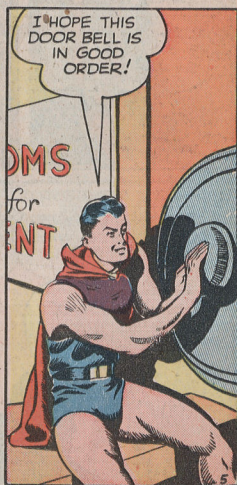
NOW LET'S SEE-- ADDRESS NUMBER ONE WAS KURT WAREL... 465 LAKE STREET!



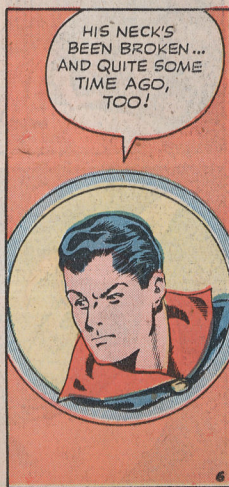
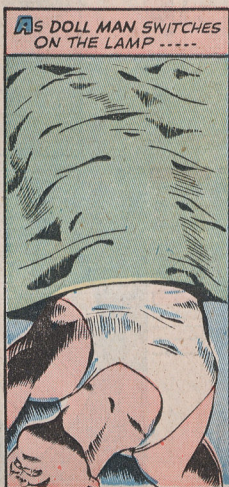
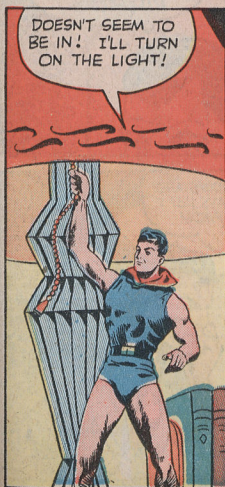
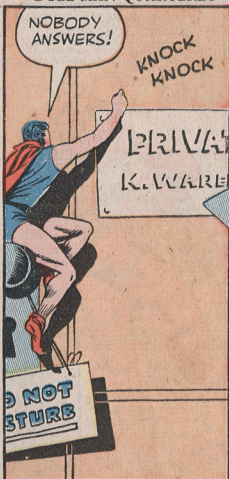
THIS IS IT!



I HOPE THIS DOOR BELL IS IN GOOD ORDER!



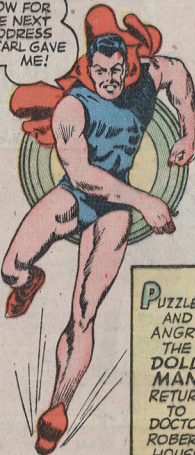






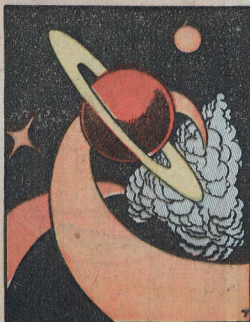
THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE MIGHTY DOLL MAN FOLLOWS A TRAIL OF DEATH!

NOW FOR THE NEXT ADDRESS CARL GAVE ME!



P  
PUZZLED  
AND  
ANGRY,  
THE  
DOLL  
MAN  
RETURNS  
TO  
DOCTOR  
ROBERTS'  
HOUSE  
... ..

CARL WASN'T IMAGINING THINGS! THE KIND OF MAN WHO TORTURED HIM IS THE KIND WHO WOULD COMMIT THOSE MURDERS! "WOBBLE-FOOT" IS MORE THAN A TERRIFYING SOUND! HE'S A TERRIFYING KILLER!



AND SO DARREL RETURNS TO HIS ROOM...

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE HAS ALWAYS KEPT HIS DISTANCE FROM CARL!





**AS DARREL DOZES OFF...**

DID I HEAR THAT  
OR DID I  
DREAM IT?



**H**EARING THE NOISE,  
DARREL ONCE AGAIN  
BECOMES THE MIGHTY  
DOLL MAN! ...

FRIGHTENED HIM INTO  
RUNNING AGAIN! I'LL  
HAVE TO FOLLOW  
THE POOR CHAP!



**T**HE DREAD SOUND BORES  
ITS WAY THROUGH  
CARL COLBURN'S SLUMBER ...

THUMP.  
CL-T-T-T-T  
THUMP

HE HAS FOUND  
ME! I'M NOT  
SAFE -- EVEN  
HERE! I MUST  
FLEE AGAIN!



**S**EVERAL HOURS LATER...

I DON'T HEAR HIM NOW!  
THIS LOOKS LIKE MY FRIEND  
JON PLOTKIN'S HOUSE! HE'LL  
NOT MIND IF I WAKE HIM  
AND TELL HIM I WISH  
TO REST FOR A  
WHILE!

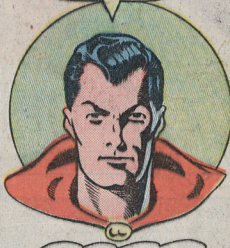


I SHALL GO MAD!  
I CAN DO NOTHING  
BUT RUN AWAY!

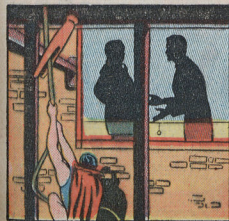
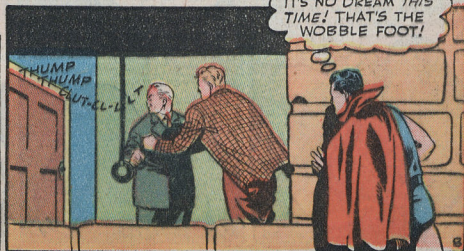


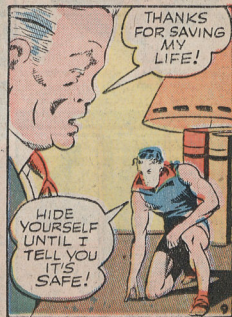
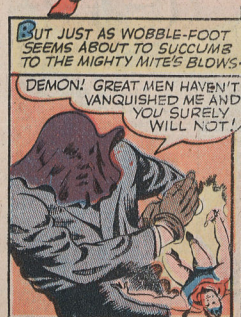
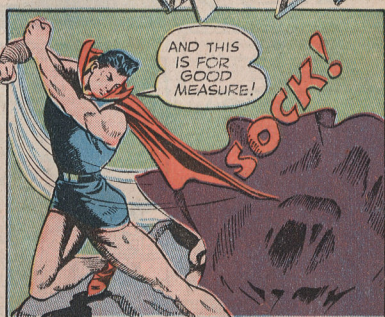
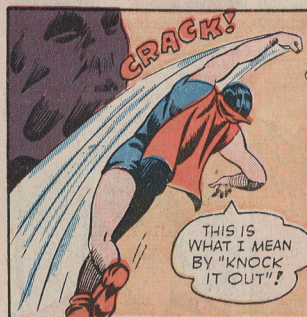
**F**ROM ACROSS THE STREET

HE DECIDED TO DROP IN  
ON ANOTHER FRIEND ---  
SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN  
NOW! LUCKY THAT  
WINDOW'S ON THE  
FIRE ESCAPE!

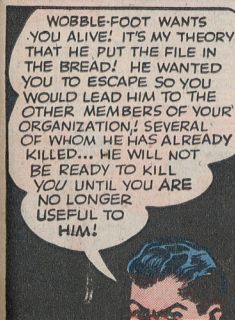


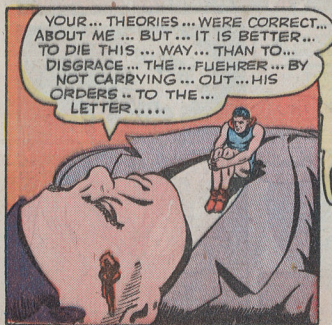
IT'S NO DREAM THIS  
TIME! THAT'S THE  
WOBBLE FOOT!







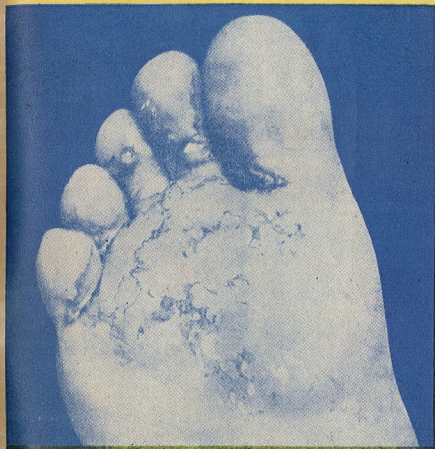






# FOOT ITCH

## ATHLETE'S FOOT



**PAY NOTHING  
TILL RELIEVED**

*Send Coupon*

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

## BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

## WHY TAKE CHANCES?

The germ that causes the disease is known as *Tinea Trichophyton*. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ, whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ *Tinea Trichophyton* within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

## ITCHING OFTEN RELIEVED QUICKLY

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is relieved. You should paint the infected part with H. F. every night until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try, so if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot why wait a day longer?

## H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will

be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



**GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.**  
865 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

QCG

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY.....STATE.....

# Captain Tootsie MONSTER MAN!

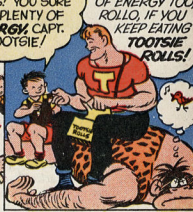
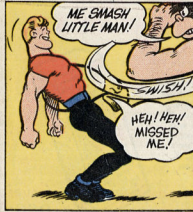
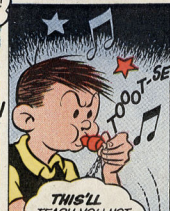
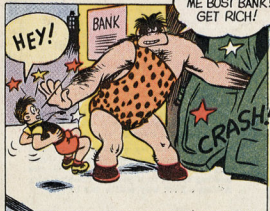


THIS MONSTER MAN IS VERY DANGEROUS, SO REMEMBER--IF YOU SEE HIM, JUST TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!

YOU BET, CAP!

'RAY FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

HOOTIN' ZOOTs! THERE'S MONSTER MAN NOW!



**WHAT FUN!**  
GET THIS GENUINE  
**FOX TAIL**  
for only **10¢**  
IF YOU MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!  
For Playing Explorer!



**NOTHING TO BUY! NO WRAPPERS TO SEND!**  
Just to get you to read the above ad, we'll send you this genuine fox tail for only a dime. Imagine the fun you'll have with it! How your friends will envy you! Tie it on your bike—hang it in your room—use it for playing explorer or soldier! Hurry! Supply limited! Mail coupon now!

**TOOTSIE ROLLS**  
Department Q1, Hoboken, New Jersey

Yes, I read your ad for Tootsie Rolls. Rush the genuine Fox Tail to me postage paid by fast mail. I have enclosed a dime.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City & State.....

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY